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Prison Diaries



wwii

diary-entries-from-prisoners

historical-fiction

258 30 17

Chapter 1 by -

Time: 19:45

Dinner: Hard moldy piece of tasteless bread and watered down turnip soup - minus the turnips. Again.

Still no progress. My cellmate is wholeheartedly opposed to any sort of escape talk. I haven't asked him directly, but I can sense his intolerance for such discussion. So I must not let him catch on to my plans - I am sure he would report me.

But some trifling observation has been made. The guard on duty for the blocks across from me, grumbles and mutters under his breath at every command. he seems no willing subject in the Nazi regime. This *could* prove invaluable...

Chapter 2 by -



A new diary entry from a different prisoner each chapter

Oh how my bones ache... Today I was put through more of Herr Kurkler's interrogation. My

shirt is spotted with burns from his cigarette. And my back - ahhh! Bloody to the cracking bones. My mouth is still swollen from the... See more of Story Wars

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to inflict pain. Thankfully though, I am becoming more and more numb.

I hear heavy footsteps... I must hold out. I must not confess!

Chapter 3 by Japhet



16:03

We are lined up by platoon. Ilse rounded up six men and decided they're too feeble to continue the "job." Just a mere cough is an indication of flaw.

I'm too tired to feel for these men who are forced to exhume "the pit". The skeletal remains of the earlier nine men who were shot at point blank range were then proceeded for cremation. Same fate is about to befall on these six. I wonder whether death would be the easier way out.

Shots fired by Steyr M1912 rang the silent field. It will take few days before their bodies will rot. Given the temperature, the stench will begin by dusk. Maybe I am entitled to consume what Andrew has stashed under the shallow pillar. It must still be edible.

"You!" In his German accent, the Gestapo grabbed and forced me to kneel before Ilse. Ahh, a woman's scent - so bewitching.

"You, American serve me." She smiled with full bewilderment. Her broken tone has always been the subject of fun by my fellow men. To hear her up-close indeed pokes fun. Yet, her hazel eyes tend to relay an eerie message. Whatever it might be has begun to rip my soul.

Day six... 22:29

I see my reflection on this life-size mirror. Ilse's maids kept me kempt and well-fed. My personal service officially commences in ten days. The art of satisfaction has been thoroughly coached and I'm expected to perform according to her fetishes.

I'm probably lucky. Lucky enough. See more of Story Wars [I loved](#)

Chapter 4 by

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My name is Luca Michika Soyrien. My mother is half Japanese, half-American and my father is half-Polish and half Jewish. They say my multi-cultural heritage would be my edge soon as I hand the Germans my certificate of birth. I tucked it safely under my trousers. However, before I could show it to any of the tall, white men, this man named Heinrich pulled me out of the line of young girls. Everything about about him felt unpleasant, especially by the way he held my face, my trousers and my breasts. I was escorted to a huge tanker they called "The Panzer."

The grueling travel along the icy highways lasted about six hours. Two girls, including me, had to endure unwanted advances from these three pungent soldiers who, obviously finds hygiene, their least priority.

Alas! Our destination was no better than the prison tank. The beautifully designed exterior of a supposed nunnery is actually a penal institution wherein young women are forced to various types of labor.

Day 22...

My primordial concern is to escape from the turmoil of comforting any man. Locked in a cell full of 36 abused women, I was kept hidden every time the Gestapos declare "Mahlzeit" (meaning meal), a categorical term for rape or torture. In exchange of safety, I volunteered myself being a convoy of their plight - an ultimate escape.

Survival for me and these women became my desire. With a petite body enough to burrow through the septic tunnels, I was able to provide exchange of information between the women who secretly organized a plan for escape. The plan was tedious and I'm well aware my capture would cost everyone's freedom. Forget the reeking remains of the dead and excrement. I have to do my duty.

Day 38

Our quarters is already occupied by 67 women.

I have no more paper to write on so this will be my final entry. God forbid I'm dead by the time someone finds this. I hope... I'm still trapped.

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Chapter 5 by

I awoke to the deafening boom of a cannon. Dirt from the ceiling sprinkled down. Heavy footsteps and several gruff voices stopped outside my cell. I heard a key loudly push into the lock – iron against iron, echoing down the bleak corridor.

One of the guards stepped up to me and shackled my hands. He led me into the passageway where two other prisoners were cowardly hunched, their blistered feet fettered by chains. The officer pushed me in between the two convicts and harshly fastened the manacles to me. I could feel the heavy metal cut into my aching feet. He stabbed his brawny fingers into my back – a signal to march.

We scuffled past barred units of men with their heads peering out and their hands hanging on the bars, as if standing in stocks. They coughed, sneezed, grumbled, and stared through their droopy bloodshot eyes. As we exited the rundown penitentiary, the jail mate behind me stumbled over the gate's steps. I turned and offered my captive hands to help him rise, but he slunk back in revulsion.

“Get away from me – traitor!” He snarled, struggling to stand steadily.

An officer came from the front of the line and jabbed me in the ribs. We walked for several more yards until we came to a deteriorating shelter. A platform lay in the center with three thick raw ropes dangling from tall posts. The suddenness of it all overwhelmed me - I neither saw nor heard the gathering riotous crowd. My shackles were removed; I was grabbed by the arm and dragged up the steps to my doom. Behind me a man quietly stood, nervously holding a white cloth. For one instant, I saw a single yellow rose waving in the distance...

Chapter 6 by Japhet



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Execution of my dear mother. Salty rotten potatoes and muddy water for several weeks clearly manifested her once beautiful complexion. My mother looked just like every starved Jewish woman in their quarters. I would even fail to recognize my mother if she doesn't call my name.

The gaping hole in my heart deepened soon as the Gestapo hollered and lined them up. She never looked at me even though she knew I was just several meters away, paraded to watch the execution.

BANG!

Chapter 7 by Rainyday



I have been called to my own death I fear. Every woman in our Quarters were told we will be leaving Shortly after morning count on the morrow. Some women are hopeful that we will be going to another facility where they feed you and offer better work. That is what the guards had told them you see. But I know better than to believe the German's lies.

Anyhow if they take me anywhere they are taking me from my daughter in the neighboring quarters. The only living child I have left of the 5 healthy happy good boys and girl I once had. My only living relative at all I believe. I still can't sleep because when I close my eyes I see them brutally beating my husband to death as they let their dogs savage my 4 boys there in the streets in the Ghetto.

I know my daughter is here at this prison with me. We rode the trains together. I have seen her twice since we were separated upon arrival here. I with the old and her with the younger women and older girls. Both times were at day 1 and day 2 of the execution of about 67 women

who had tried to plan an escape. They made sure we all watched, but I saw nothing but my daughters beautiful gaunt face with her once bright brown eyes that the boys in her school adored.

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I hope if it is my fate to die here at the hands of these pigs that my daughter is not there to see. This is my prayer. Please God hear this one at last.

Chapter 8 by



Dear Mother,

It seems my mission has come to an end. I thought we, the POWs will have better chances of survival. Maybe we do. However for now, I'm part of the plan to send one for an escape – to inform the allied forces of the conditions of the camp we're in. Although we barely know where we were shipped, we have to take a chance. My role is pivotal to the success of the plan but the risk is too high. I may not survive this time.

Momma, I'm part of the Special Interrogations Group. Several of my buddies are German-Jews who were able to escape before the round-up. We're a bunch of trained individuals specializing in deep penetration espionage, bomb-disposal and sabotage. We have four notable missions to account, but since our phantom group is disbanded soon as we completed our final mission, nobody cares about it any longer. I do not know if our group will be known so I'm telling you about it now.

I should be home, but you see, the rest of my troop was captured so I had to return and save them. I am about to do that. Mom, I will see you soon. I have to leave.

Love,

Edward Ivich

Sept 30, 1944

~The Letter was received by Laura Ivich, his niece 42 years later. Special agent Stan Crow was recaptured by the Gestapos, two weeks after the successful escape. He was sent to Sachsenhausen camp to die of forced labor. In 1945, after the fall of Berlin, a red army soldier found a tin can filled with letters addressed to mothers, wives and children. The said can was

lost for the next 40 years until one Russian teenager found it in a worn down attic owned by his great-grandfather. It took few months to find the original addresses and finally sent to the supposed addresses, of which, major

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Edward Evich, Stan Crow and several members of the SIG remained unnamed for the next twenty years. Only after a Laura's son, Mike, decided to research, that the SIG resurfaced. The ministry of defense decided to release few classified information of the said group and the world finally... came to know of a commando who served during the Western Desert Campaign.~

Chapter 9 by -



"Out of the way you sniveling swine!" The officer pushed through the mob of prisoners awaiting their portion of food. "Where is he - 27917?" The tall uniformed man looked about impatiently.

This is when I stepped forward, realizing that my identification numbers were quite similar. My ending 2 could very easily be mistaken for a 7. I rushed up to the officer. "Here Sir, here! Look, see here!" I excitedly thrust my arm in his cringing face. Hope was uncontrollably bubbling up inside me.

"Eh? Yes. Come with me." He hardly glanced at my tattoo.

I was led to the edge of the prison and watched in wonderment as the gate was opened and I was taken beyond.

"Take him Keckler! He is all yours..." The officer chuckled as he shoved me towards this other man. Keckler gave a sarcastic grin as he puffed away on a cigar.

I was then taken to a rotting train station and knocked onto an open car in the waiting locomotive. "Enjoy the ride, Dacher, it's the last one you'll have!" The guard laughed as he slammed the car door shut.

Dacher? A sudden realization crossed my features in terror. That man was to be hung...

Chapter 10 by



Tadeusz Sobolewicz

Rahel Renate

Helen Steinberg

Trudess Silmanni

Ibinadin Ginsburg

Editha Goldberg

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Areku Hershkad

Rudinel Leaver

.. and ..

Eugene Blackheim

...costed my limbs. To have set these few people free from the persecution as young Nazi soldier was the only thing that made me human that time. I was 16 when I first captured an elderly who tried to flee from the German army. I never knew what happened to her after she was dragged inside a rickety transport destined for Auschwitz.

The world knew us as the evil race and I always thought I deserved that. I'm a vile German who took arms against civilians who were hated just because of their ancestry. I sent people to their deaths, I shot children to spare them from forced labor. I shot women to spare them from rape and torture, shot old men and women... Blood was and will be in my hands and I would gladly have my life be taken by these very people I caused pain.

But someone came back and hugged me. She looked older and could not even manage to stand from her wheelchair. But she came for me. In my death bed, someone offered me forgiveness. She was prisoner 13288 named Helen.

Siegfried Bladt's last entry.

His accounts of the war was handed to Helena, the only survivor he helped escape on 1944. In exchange, she left her own diary on Mr. Bladt's grave as final gift.

Write a draft for chapter 11 of 20 (1 draft)

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